

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones; beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply, their place in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better!"

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown of feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! Oh, men,—if ye be indeed men,—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge,—the bridge which communicates with the castle,—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foe-man's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it, from interval, to interval as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

## HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

Prince ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

Scene—A room in the castle, Northampton.

*Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.*

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

ITS ATTENDANT. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't

*(Exit Attendants.)*

Young lad come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be—You are sad,

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:  
 Yet I remember when I was in France  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
 Only for wantonnes. By my christendom,  
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I should be merry as the day is long;  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practises more harm to me:  
 He is afraid of me; and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
 No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. *(Aside.)*

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:  
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur *(Showing a paper.)*  
 How now foolish rheum! *(Aside.)*

Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
 Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but  
 ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again:  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;  
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it, cunning: do, an if you will:  
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it!  
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
 And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn—hard than hammered iron?  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—

*Hub.* Come forth. *(Stamps.)*

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons; &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angerly;  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*Ist Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

(*Exeunt Attendants.*)

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend:  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue.  
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it! boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief—  
Being create for comfort—to be used  
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,—  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:  
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

(*Exeunt.*)

III

TROZOS ESCOGIDOS EN VERSO.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones:  
 So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honorable man,  
 So are they all, all honorable men;)  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And sure he is an honorable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause:  
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O Masters! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
 I will not do them wrong—I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;  
 I found it in his closet: 't is his will.  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle: I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
 'T was on a summer's evening in his tent;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! In this place ran Cassius's dagger through:—  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made—  
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;  
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all!  
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart:  
 And, in his mantle muffing up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;  
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
 O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity:—these are gracious drops,  
 Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!  
 Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends! sweet friends! Let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny!  
 They that have done this deed are honorable!  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
 That love my friend—and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood:—I only speak right on;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know—  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony,

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

HYMN OF PRAISE BY ADAM AND EVE.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then,  
 Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first; him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him the greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,  
 And when high noon hast gained; and when thou fallest;  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise  
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines.  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble. as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,  
 Ye that in waters glide. and ye that walk  
 The earth and stately tread or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade;  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been, before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.  
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
 Then thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncuffed, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals;  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many, a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror,—'t was a pleasing fear;  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of death

Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

Charge for the guns!” he said.

Into the valley of death,

Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!”

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldiers knew

Some one had blundered;

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered:

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of death,

Into the mouth of hell,

Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,

Flashed as they turned in air,

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery smoke,

Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre-stroke,

Shattered and sundered,

Then they rode back, but not,

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them.

Volleyed and thundered:

Stormed at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well,

Came through the jaws of death,

Back from the mouth of hell,

All that was left of them;

Loft of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?

O, the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly;  
Loving, not loathing.  
Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully;  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her—  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;

While wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one  
Still; and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full  
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed:  
Love by harsh evidence  
Thrown from its eminence:  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With magy a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery



Swift to be hurled—  
 Anywhere, anywhere,  
 Out of the world—  
 In she plunged boldly,  
 No matter how coldly  
 The rough river ran.

Take her up tendelay,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
 Decently, kindly,  
 Smooth, and compose them;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
 Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring  
 Last look of despairing  
 Fixed on futurity,

Perishing gloomily  
 Spurred by contumely,  
 Cold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest—  
 Cross her hands humbly  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behav'oir,  
 And leaving, with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour!

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Here are old trees—tall oaks and gnarled pines—  
 That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground  
 Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up  
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet  
 To linger here, among the fitting birds  
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds  
 That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,  
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
 With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—  
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurable old—  
 My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,  
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,  
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
 And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap  
 With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
 Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand  
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,  
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;  
 They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.  
 Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
 Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,  
 The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,  
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
 And shoutest to the nations, who return  
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies,  
 Thy birthright was not given by human hands;